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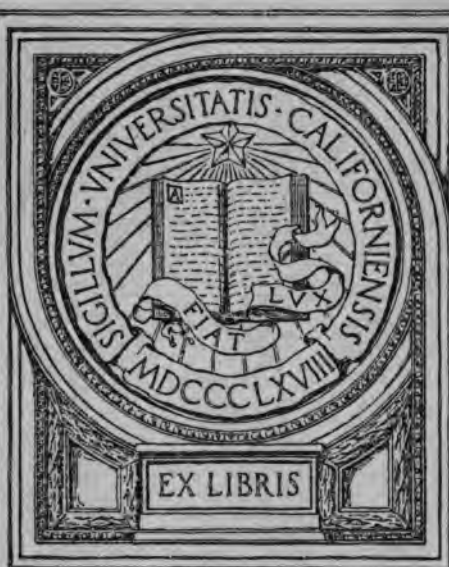
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IN MEMORIAM

Albin Putzker



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Nov. 1910.

Professor (Albin) Putzker
with regards of
Edward Nelson May 10.

LAVENDER AND OTHER VERSE

LAVENDER AND OTHER VERSE

BY
EDWARD ROBESON
TAYLOR



PAUL ELDER-& COMPANY
PUBLISHERS • SAN FRANCISCO

Copyright, 1910
By EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR

Printed by
The Stanley-Taylor Company
San Francisco

TO MY WIFE

**THIS HARVEST OF MY LATER DAYS
GATHERED BENEATH THY WORDS OF PRAISE,
AND WHEN THY FOND, IRRADIANT SMILE
BEAMED ON MY LABORS ALL THE WHILE,
I HUMBLY LAY, THOUGH INCOMPLETE,
BEFORE THY HEART AND AT THY FEET.**

E. R. T.

**SAN FRANCISCO
MAY FIFTEENTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN**

TO THE
LIBRARY

Gift of Albin Putzger
ad. l.

NOTE.—Many of these poems were written within very recent years and are published here for the first time, while a few others, including some of the translations, were published in "Moods and other Verse"—a volume long since out of print. Nothing in this book will be found in "Selected Poems"—a volume published in 1907. Of the pieces in the present volume, "The Visible Beauty of the World" was published in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for June, 1906; "The Gjõa in Golden Gate Park," in the *Sunset Magazine* for December, 1909; "In the Potter's Field of the City Cemetery, San Francisco," in the *San Francisco Chronicle*; "The Optimist" in the *San Francisco Examiner*; and "On the Death of Edward Seventh" in the *San Francisco morning papers* of May 21st, 1910.

The translations in this volume are reproductions of the originals; that is, they strictly follow the originals in matter of form including the rhyme arrangement. In the view of the writer no verse translation can properly be deemed such unless it accomplish this. No literary work is perhaps so technically difficult as the turning of the poetry of one language into poetry of the language of another; for not only must the form be maintained, but the very essence of the poetry embodied in that form, together with the thought in all its nicety and strength. The difficulties hence are enormous, and perfect success well nigh impossible.

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MUSINGS BY THE WAY

LAVENDER

Of all the lovely names the flowers bear
 None softer beats upon the ear than thine,
 Sweet Lavender; while thou in Memory's mine
 A jewel art beyond description fair:
 How oft our mothers gave thee tenderest care
 For thy dear blossoms; what a far-drawn line
 Of household fragrances have borne thy sign;
 What precious stuffs have breathed thy
 perfume's air!
 And I remember on an afternoon
 Beholding, as an unexpected boon,
 Thy hallowed purple where a Poet lies.
 Oh, bloom forever there, nor let abate
 The love for him who sang in deathless wise
 The clouds adventuring through the Golden
 Gate.

Edward Pollock's "Evening" is, of all his work, the poem
 most admired by San Franciscans. The first two lines are:

"The air is chill, the day grows late,
 And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate."

THE VISIBLE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD

This golden bloom, this great-armed, towering tree,
This azure sky with billowy clouds of white,
Yon mount in robe of amethyst bedight,
This brook whose silver cleaves the emerald lea,
To-day seem so miraculous to me,
That all the senses, with celestial might,
Put dark-browed thought's unquiet brood to
flight,
And steep themselves in being's ecstasy.
The visible beauty of thy world, O Lord,
Touches at times the spirit-sounding chord
Which beats to music of revealing strain;
And then, far borne on faith-created wings,
We dare to feel that we divinely gain
Some deeper knowledge of the soul of things.

AN AUTUMN FIELD

Beneath the sun this Field all restful lies,
 Bathed in the golden-tinted, mellowing rays,
 The children nourished through its laboring days
 Now fled to answer hunger's ceaseless cries.
Torn was its bosom in most cruel wise,
 The cold rains smote it, and the sunshine's
 blaze,
 While toiled it on until the grateful praise
 Of ripened grain shook all the harvest skies.
And now, in undisturbed, sufficing rest
 Soft steals through all its veins serene repose,
 While every breeze exhilarates its breast —
Like some great hero, by his country blest,
 Who, brow-enlaurelled, at his labor's close
 Lies couched where Peace through all his being
 flows.

THE GJÖA IN GOLDEN GATE PARK SAN FRANCISCO

With the sloop "GJÖA" Capt. Roald Amundsen made the Northwest passage in 1905, arriving at San Francisco in October, 1906; and now the vessel has been given to that City for preservation in Golden Gate Park.

At last I rest in peace where nevermore
The waves shall whip my stout-resisting side;
Ignobly rest, and swell with bitter pride
As casual eyes all lightly scan me o'er —
Me, that have dared the Arctic's awful shore,
And with the bold Norwegian as my guide
Sailed the dread Pass to other keels denied,
Where we shall dwell with Fame forevermore.
Ah, it is pleasant here with birds and trees,
With laughter-loving children, and the sea's
Keen winds that romp upon my orphaned deck;
Yet, mid this fatal peace at times I yearn
To face again the dangers of a wreck,
To see once more the great Aurora burn.

**IN THE POTTER'S FIELD OF THE CITY
CEMETERY SAN FRANCISCO
NOW TO BE TURNED INTO A PARK**

The wind blows keen from off the ocean's breast
Where springtime grasses, done with living, lie
Low on these graves, that list no human sigh
For those who there all unregarded rest —
Each nameless one the City's wayworn guest,
Who long, beneath Misfortune's sullen sky,
Strove, till he could no more his woes defy,
Then fell to death unheeded and unblest.
But soon the cypresses will grip the bones
Of these lorn dead, and on their bodies feed
To bid them live anew in branch and leaf;
And children here, in merry-making tones,
All things of happiness will gaily breed,
Nor know that under them roll seas of grief.

DAWN

Now radiant Dawn unlocks her roseate doors,
 Whence all her featly-footed, swarming band
 Streams swift along the sleep-encompassed land,
 And in the sky on fiery pinion soars.
The pauseless glory sweeps by moaning shores
 Where storm's poor victims strew the
 shuddering strand,
 While from the heights where trees rejoicing
 stand
 It through my lady's window softly pours.
And as the fulgent beams grow still more bright,
 Man flees the lures and glammers of the Night,
 To meet with fresh resolve the new-born Day —
That sphinx which, seated in the anxious breast,
 With scornful lips of stony silence, may
 Extinguish all our hopes or make us blest.

A DAY WITH MUSIC

The morning moved us to the ocean-shore,
Where stretched at ease in tranquil joy we lay,
Watching the breakers' near, incessant play,
And stirred by music of their thunderous roar.
Then deep Beethoven's grand, symphonic lore
Enchained the sequent hours of the day,
While evening saw great Verdi's lighter sway
Rule our obedient hearts as ne'er before.
O miracle, in such brief span to be
Far borne on Music's multitudinous waves,
Which roll triumphant over Death's vast
graves!
Life-breathing waves, illimitably free,
Divine, eternal; while upon their breast
The universe itself is rocked to rest.

MEDITATION

Be up and doing! — In this time of steam
Let not one moment pass unlaboring by;
On these electric, wide-spread pinions fly
To where alone the stars of Action beam.
Dear Poet, leave thy phantom land of Dream,
Where lazy clouds all idly pace the sky,*
As Fancy's fairies in the coverts lie,
To watch with thee some naiad-haunted stream.
Thou many-tongued, immitigable voice,
With mine own soul I would in quiet be,
Till Silence medicine my wounded ear;
Then with the heart of things shall I rejoice,
The true realities divinely see,
And deathless harmonies enraptured hear.

*"When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air."
Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Scene 2.

ON TAMALPAIS AT SUNRISE

Impatiently we watched the patient Day
Await the coming of her lover bright,
Until he burst on our rewarded sight
In splendor's opulence of cloud-array.
Before us spread the beauty-breathing Bay,
With its unconquered City, glory-dight,
And verdured hills which trembled in the light
Above the vales where Dawn still dimly lay.
And as we drained the golden cup of Morn
My dear one's face so fondly radiant shone,
That Rapture's children swarmed in every air.
Oh, then it seemed that Love was newly born,
And that all nature we had made our own,
Our deep, immeasurable joy to share.

DEFEAT

Who dares to be defeated by defeat
Already herds with the ignoble dead,
As with his bowed and shame-confessing head
He seeks the land where great hearts never
meet —

The land where Ease inglorious makes her seat,
And where the coward soul, from Virtue fled,
Sees from afar the wings of battle spread,
With valor breasting death in joy complete.

No righteous cause is ever lost till those,
Who should have borne it to the crested height,
Faint from defeat, no longer struggle on.

E'en then 'twill live, for they who scorn repose
Shall rouse themselves, and with consuming
might

Raise high the banner of a newer dawn.

WITH MEMORY

'Tis memory steers me as my boat drifts by
The banks with blossoms prodigally gay,
While far and near with many a carolling lay
The mating songsters fill the earth and sky.
Here let me stop, and 'neath this old elm lie,
Where boyhood's moments passed like dreams
away,
And once more watch the sun's expiring ray
Light the cows homeward from the pasture
nigh
Their tinkling bells die out along the lane;
The gloaming slowly deepens into night,
And mid the darkness Memory flits from me.
Would she had stayed; and yet the Present's pain
Has been forgotten in her sweet delight
Beneath these stars which tell of days to be.

A PSALM OF VICTORY

"Tis true the queenliest eye will fade,
The mightiest voice sink faint and low,
And every sweet that man can know
In leaves of bitterness be laid;

The glass that brimmed for us alone
Be emptier than an idiot's brain,
And even Memory seek in vain
The scenes where Life's great pearls were
sown.

Then be it so, as sure it must,
Shall we then ring the curtain down?
Shall we the feast no longer crown,
And on our hopes but sprinkle dust?

It shall not be; the day is ours,
With all its moments to enjoy,
And though our gold bears some alloy,
And withered be our loveliest flowers,

Still bravely let us do and dare,
With Music in our heart of heart,
Content to do our little part
To ease our brother's heavy care.

[12]

We are not young, we are not old;
Our years are all-sufficing years
For duty's wealth, for sorrow's tears,
And for the heart's unminted gold.

If we but will, the larks shall bide,
The dawn e'er greet us with a smile,
And every star befriend us while
The dragons all their horrors hide.

Then raise the flags, though tattered they,
At head of our devoted line,
And marching under skies divine
A glory make of every day.

THE OLD, OLD DAYS

O golden-hearted, richly-hallowed days
That loom through deepening mists on
memory's shore,
When boyhood fed from joy's unmeasured store
As hope sang loud her sweetest roundelays!
How romped we in the wood's far-opening ways
When irksome studies for the time were o'er;
How plied we games in their abounding lore,
How felt as gods when victory led to praise!
The Master's strenuous voice ceased long ago,
While few of all that throng on earth can be,
And these are burdened with the weight of
years;
Yet on that fruitful spot still others glow
With youthful fire and sport the same as we,
Undreamt the future's struggle and its tears.

TO ANDREE'S PIGEON

IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN, 80° 44' NORTH, 20° 20' EAST,
JULY 16, 1897.

No voice but thine, O ill-requited bird,
Has come to tell of mighty-souled Andrée,
Since that uniquely memorable day
His polar voyaging the whole world stirred;
And as on sheltering mast—thy flight deterred
By cold and weariness—thy body lay,
Wrapped in the dreams of home-cote far away,
Man gave thee death for thy recorded word.
Thy master sailed into the depths unknown
Along the paths no human wing had beat,
And fell with frozen plume, no more to rise;
While he and thou, as Fame is proud to own,
Have added, with transplendency complete,
A new Aurora to the Arctic skies.

Since the above was written news has come which indicates
that Andrée and his party were killed by natives.

TO THE OX

I see thee standing firmly as an oak,
In contemplation of the field and sky,
With resignation in thy plaintive eye,
Though thy broad back has felt full many a
stroke;
And though thy mighty neck beneath the yoke,
Day after day, that passed unvarying by,
Has bowed and strained until the stars were
nigh
Since labor-rousing Dawn the hills awoke.
Helper of man, true brother of the soil,
That hast with him the paths of progress made
Through wildernesses trembling with surprise;—
Great symbol thou of Patience and of Toil,
To whom earth's children have such homage
paid
That Poets lift thee to immortal skies.

TO AN ALBATROSS

(AT THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES SAN FRANCISCO)

Magnificent in death thou liest here,
As though still left some remnant of thy pride
When thy great wings, now folded to thy side,
Bore thee through ocean's air without a peer.
Thou couldst not wish, at end of thy career,
A nobler tomb than this wherein to bide:
Here Science reigns, and here thou wilt be eyed
In all thy beauty year on passing year.
Yea, thou belong'st to that high-fortuned few,
That by the Poet's paradisal dew
Perennial live in Memory's jewelled hall;
For now we list the Mariner's deathless tale,
His wonder-peopled seas once more we sail,
To find at last that Love is all in all.

"I BIDE MY TIME"

(SEE THE STORY ENTITLED "THE WAITING HAND" IN THE JULY, 1909, NUMBER OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.)

I bide my time; though heart-wrung tears
Flow through my slow, unfruitful years,
And in my breast the weeds of ill
Produce soul-numbing poison, still
I bide my time.

When first I saw thy form it seemed
Thou wast the one of whom I'd dreamed—
The peerless Prince whose love-lit eyes
But shone for me;—Now sadly wise
I bide my time.

Ah, this was when the bloomy Spring
Made all my heart-bells madly ring;
And lo! I freeze mid winter snows;—
Yet as the darkness deeper grows,
I bide my time.

My being's boundless wealth I gave
To thee who, fool as well as knave,
Made mock of it, then tombed it where
No one e'er comes except despair
I bide my time.

The sunset's gold thine eye surveyed
Thy hand upon the canvas laid;
But now behold—oh, heavy loss!—
Instead of it mere gilded dross

I bide my time.

Thine Art is gone: a golden stream
Has drowned it with thy every dream;
Ay, even thy soul is rotting there
Beyond all hope; and so with care

I bide my time.

A foul and triple murder thine
In taking her base love for mine:
Thou slewest then my helpless heart,
Thy soul, and thy devoted Art

I bide my time.

For months I waited by the tree,
The faintest glimpse to catch of thee;
Thou wouldst not come; but though has set
Hope's every radiant sun, still yet

I bide my time.

The hand that lay so oft in thine
With promised ring that ne'er was mine

Shall even in death the road attest
That brought thee to my panting breast
I bide my time.

The countrymaid, whose crown thou took'st
In passion's sport, and then forsook'st
To wallow deep in lucre's mire,
Proclaims with hell's eternal ire,
I bide my time.

And it will come: when thou art most
The devil's own, my vengeful ghost
Shall slay thee in the sight of men,
Who spurn thy lifeless form;—till then
I bide my time.

NIGHT AND DAY

The waves of Night dashed over me
With such tempestuous roar and roll,
It dazed all sense that such a sea
Could rise to overwhelm the struggling soul.

But when the Day, led in by Dawn,
With hope and promise radiant shone,
I found the murderous billows gone,
And all the air with rainbows sown.

THE WORK OF THE POET

The Poet's tissue, woven but of dreams
Beneath Imagination's starry beams,
Transplendent hangs in Art's eternal sky,
While empires fall and creeds outlasted die.

ENDEAVOR

I

Still am I tossed upon a troubled sea,
Puzzled and doubting how to make my way;
Resultless day follows resultless day,
And even my dreams no solace bring to me.
At Duty's call, unheeding other plea,
Have I pushed forward, scornful of delay,
Ne'er yielding once to indolence's sway,
Nor grieving over what might never be.
And now, the years seem shorter as they run,
Nor dares my life to hope for many more,
Or should they come, that they will truly bless.
The best that lay within me has been done;
And as an end all vainly I deplore
Endeavor's dreary waste of fruitlessness.

ENDEAVOR

II

Thou wavering soul, what note is this to sound?
Dost prate of Duty, yet art satisfied
With what thou hast in scarce half-struggle
tried?
Dost beat thy wings against thy self-made
bound,
Forgetful that in Life's unresting round
All marvellously wondrous things abide
For him who seeks and will not be denied,
And that the humblest may not go uncrowned?
O blinded one, unhood thy spirit's eyes,
So they may truly see the world without,
And that still other world which stirs within;
Then canst thou mount above complaint's vain
cries
To heights undarkened by the clouds of Doubt,
Where Victory waits to make thee of her Kin.

SERVICE

Why weakly pine for that the years refuse
Their heaping bounty we so vainly dare
To claim as ours; why all reluctant bear
The Cross whose eloquence forever sues;
Why slay the wingèd hours because the clews
Of Life lead not to mystery's hidden lair;
Or why so steeped in poison of despair
Thou findest nothing for thy strength to use.
O doubting soul! within thyself alone
Exhaustless, saving riches thou mayst own,
Where hope-enweaponed thou canst smile at
fears;
Where Service waits to take thee by the hand,
And as she leads thee through her wonderland
Thou then shalt learn the blessedness of tears.

AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE OF A YOUNG MAN

About the urn which held his remnant clay
The friends he loved had placed appealing
bloom:

The altar's candles lit its mystic gloom,
Wherein a solemn hush deep-brooding lay;
The organ spake in heart-constraining way,
And song and prayer that trembled with his
doom

Uprose deep-toned, while all the sacred room
Pulsed in the sifted sun's declining ray.
The saintly man the great Epistle read
As though St. Paul himself were standing there
Mid exhalations of celestial air;
While sweet Religion all our footsteps led
Along the paths of stress and grief to where
The fount of Peace eternally is fed.

GETHSEMANE

Thou Mount of Olives, what a crown is thine,
In splendor growing since that night when He,
Within thy lonely, gloomed Gethsemane,
Besought His Father's will in prayer divine.
The bitter cup, Renunciation's wine
Would fill to brimming at the fatal tree,
He nerved his soul to drain, nor cared to see
Aught but the fulgence of the heavenly sign
O Lord, on this thy crucifixion's day,
At thy pierced feet in humbleness we pray
That we our own Gethsemanes may bear;
That thy great message we may newly scan,
And in the bosom of thy boundless care
Learn what it is to love our fellow-man.

CALVARY

When wavering Pilate gave his fatal doom,
Jesus, to every agony resigned,
Bore, while the thorns around his head
entwined,

His cross through mocking crowds and
thickening gloom.

Before the woe-worn eyes of her, to whom
He owed the life he now anew should find,
His scourged and tortured body they consigned
To that dread tree they hoped would be his
tomb

Thou flower of souls, with message all divine,
What unexampled fortune has been thine—
The victim of thy friends as of thy foes:
For on the cross of Creed and Dogma they
Nail Thee till man, mid hate-engendered woes,
Can find Thee not upon his anguished way.

ONWARD

**O sad-beseeming Earth, what flowers are thine,
Through what dark glooms thy stars of glory
shine,**

What radiant altars beckon us to prayer!

**What myriad voices chorus the divine,
Whose wingèd strains the doubting soul upbear
To gaze entranced on Faith's eternal sign!**

**Who then shall cast his precious burden down,
Obedient to the demons of despair,
In very sight of his immortal crown?**

ETCHINGS

THE POET

(FOR HERMAN SCHEFFAUER ON HIS LEAVING CALIFORNIA
IN MAY, 1909.)

Sceptred beyond the power of mortal Kings
He wanders with insatiate, curious gaze,
Pausing anon to build melodious lays,
Then dreaming once again with folded wings;
He seeks the utmost heart and soul of things
Which fill all nature's palpitating ways,
And on the stepping-stones of golden days
Mounts where the voice eternal ever sings.
Such is the Poet, whose immortal song
Has shaken every century of time,
Making what seemed the common all sublime.
Scheffauer, thou art of this irradiant throng,
And as thou seekest now another clime,
I give thee this—thou singer true and strong.

THE COMPOSER

My brain is surging with tremendous things
Whose visions touch the top of my desire,
Where Art stands waiting with supernal fire,
And every voice with golden accent rings.
To that far height, upborne on radiant wings,
My spirit shall in ecstasy retire,
Till breathes within the bosom of my lyre
A glory nectared from immortal springs
At last! At last!—Ah, list the cheers on cheers!
Oh, how I've yearned for this these long, long
years—
Years that have heard full many a fatal hiss;
And now to feel that I am Music's own
And Fame's forever, bathes my soul in bliss,
And seats me on a more than mortal throne.

THE VIOLINIST

Above thy strings, my Stradivarius dear,
My spirit hovers on the wings of dream,
Wherein, mid heavenly ecstasies, I seem
Divinely ordered harmonies to hear;
Apollo's troop my quivering fingers steer,
Till issues forth such pure, melodical stream
From thy deep soul, that Orpheus' self might
deem
Thy strains were borne from some celestial
sphere.
Thou precious instrument, as in the case
Thy throbbing form in tenderness I place,
I feel anew the miracle thou art—
Thou pigmy, giant one, whose lover's hand
Can bid thee roam the palace of the heart,
And at thy will its smiles or tears command.

THE ORATOR

His eye seems flashing with unwonted fire,
His body quivers with emotion's throes,
The while his passion all sublimely grows
Till every heart responds to his desire.
What mighty causes has his wingèd ire
Lifted to heights beyond the reach of foes!
What jewelled phrases gem his speech like
those
Born on the bosom of the poet's lyre!
He pictures danger as a glorious feast;
And when Demosthenes' fierce thunder
ceased,
"To arms! To arms!" the roused Athenians
cried;
So, when our Fathers dreamed they might be
free,
Henry and Adams on their flaming tide
Bore them to Liberty's unbounded sea.

THE ORGANIST

How solemn all; the sun's last glimmering ray
 Illumes the pane where glows our dear Lord's
 head,
As now the organ's breath is gently sped
In seeming requiem for the parting day.
No one is here, not even to rest or pray,
 Except the spirits of the saintly dead,
 Who bring memorial gifts, and sweetly shed
 The balm of peace upon me as I play.
Since death seized her,—my life's unclouded sun,—
 This wonder-hearted, myriad-throated one
 Holds me in Music's chains as ne'er before;
And oftentimes my soul is made aware
 Of harmonies that infinitely soar
 Beyond the earth and all the earth's despair.

THE PAINTER

You do not like this gorgeous, flaming sky
Wherewith I've robed the form of dying day;
So strained and so extravagant, you say,
That Nature's best with it could never vie.
Then gaze, and gaze, and find the reason why
Art justifies the glories of her way:
She decks the old with newly-bright array,
And lifts the hidden to the wondering eye.
Art is not imitation; who can hope
In paint with sunlight's dazzling beams to cope;
And did achievement bless him it were vain.
True Art interprets: craves the soul of things,
Then binds the captured thought in Beauty's
chain,
And sends it forth on Form's imperial wings.

THE SCULPTOR

A Lady once bewitched my youthful sight,
Whose beauty in the greatest bred despair—
Her face Madonna like, simple her air,
And yet with every majesty bedight.
And now this piece of Parian seems so right,
So pure and flawless, that I fain would dare
Her marble effigy to fashion there,
While Art befriends me with its golden light.
My Lady's figure lies within this stone;
Release it thence I must, and proudly own
The smile refused me in her earthly days.
That pregnant thought, great Angelo, is thine;
Oh, frown not, Master, that I seek thy praise.
Or for a moment link thy name with mine.

THE SURGEON

In Anesthesia's arms the patient lies
Unmindful of the cruel, kindly knife,
While helpers stand anear with interest rife,
And expectation dancing in their eyes.
The Surgeon then, cool, confident, and wise,
Cuts resolutely deep where weakening life
Has waged with its dread foe unequal strife
Until he makes the venomous thing his prize.
A conqueror he, with monsters in his train
To their most hidden coverts tracked and slain,
Their victim's lips aflame with songs of praise.
His conquests bear no weight of orphans' tears,
But sweet Beneficence upon them lays
Her gentle hand through all his laurelled years.

THE BIBLIOPHILE TO HIS FIRST EDITION OF CHAPMAN'S HOMER

At last within my hands thy joys I see,
Thou precious Chapman, Shakespeare might
have eyed,
Which I for long had sought both far and
wide;
And now with radiant face thou com'st to me!
The binders have been merciful to thee;
Prince Henry's picture glows with pristine
pride;
Thy very flyleaves still with thee abide,
While every text from wound or stain is free.
And as delightedly mine eyes engage
The stars of poesy which blaze thy page,
I think of him Apollo greatly souled;
Who, when he quaffed the nectar of thy lay,
On sonnet wing sought out "the realms of
gold,"
And set a flower there which blooms away.

THE PICTURE CONNOISSEUR

Look at my Mauve picked up this very day
At auction sale where none its value knew—
Mauve who in life known only to the few
Now with a fame Time never will betray.
Note how the lights and shades harmonious play;
See the rich color every form endue;
Breathe its clear air, then feel Spring could
not sue
For fairer spot to wanton on her way.
My choice is wide as life: no man or school
Can sound the chords of all that's beautiful,
Nor claim as theirs the vasty fane of Art;—
And yet a Rembrandt once mine eye did own,
Till fled abashed the children of my heart,
While he in matchless grandeur stood alone.

YOUTH

With head erect, and proud, outswelling breast,
We see him start upon his lifelong race;
The Gods to him have given alluring grace,
And every voice adds joyance to his zest.
Ambition urges him to some far crest
Where devils lurk, while hopes each other chase
Through bloom-bespangled fields, whose
gorgeous face
Conceals the dragon's brood as yet unguessed.
How fast he goes! What barriers break away
Before the impact of his strenuous day;
What cheer-swept banners wave above his head!
Now manhood grandly looms, and all seems well;
But ere its toiling labors have been sped
What tales of agony its years may tell!

AN AGED MAN

Time was I leaped and bounded like the roe,
When boyhood's blood ran blithesome in the
veins,
While in my breast Hope held the radiant reins,
As Life plunged onward in resplendent show.
Now note my shuffling gait, so slow, so slow;
No sound I hear, nor feel but torturing pains,
While my scarred body, bent and stiffened,
strains
In agony against its weight of woe.
O state most wretched! Wheresoe'er I gaze
I do but see the ghosts of other days,
Whose chains tear-rusted they upon me bind.
Yet, I would live; great God, to thee I cry;
I ask but life till I am wholly blind;
Oh, make me feel I am not now to die!

THE PENITENT

Oh, I have sinned till all my life seems one
Lone desert-waste of every hideous thing,
Where misery-breeding gloom outspreads its
wing,
Nor leaf nor blossom sees the blessèd sun.
I dare not name the deeds which I have done;
But as they pass before mine eyes they fling
Their horrors in my face, until they wring
A torture from me Hell itself would shun.
Penance I'll do if even to drink the tears
Of memory's angels for unnumbered years,
And be with scorpions scourged for eons more.
Father of all, condemn me to the worst,
If at the last on seraph's wings I soar
To where thy heavenly splendors on me burst.

THE RELIGIOUS ASCETIC

Why should I glut this carnal frame of mine,
Of every lustful thing the source and seat;
Why try with bath and balm to make it sweet,
Or clothe it with apparel soft and fine?
Ah, no! I must all thought of it resign,
Except to rack it with tormentings meet,
Until abased beneath my conquering feet
It can obscure no glimpse of the divine.
I clasp this skull as in the dust I pray,
And thrill to feel how swiftly flees away
The body man would deck and make so fair;
While in my dreams my fleshless spirit wings
Through all the boundless vastitudes to where
Seraph on seraph, rapture-throbbing, sings.

THE MISER

How slowly drag the leaden-footed hours
 Along the ways of revel-breeding night,
 To hold me from the glutting of my sight
 On that whereto my soul delighted cowers.
Silence falls deep; at last the time is ours,
 Thou precious hoard, when by my candle's light
 Unseen I shall again behold thy bright,
 Unutterably beauteous minted flowers.
My heart stands still as now my fingers pass
 Caressingly through all thy glittering mass,
 With knowledge that it swells still more and
 more.
Oh, I am hungered, but I would not dare
 To take one piece from thy appealing store—
 Instead I'll drop these hard-earned pennies there.

BUSINESS

A demon he of ever restless mien
Who scorns the wooing angels of repose,
To follow fast the money-stream which flows
To wastes where ruined souls gloom every
scene.
With ruthless hoofs he tramples down the green
As on and on with pauseless pace he goes,
Still ever treating as his deadliest foes
The higher things that dare to intervene.
The Ledger is the book of books for him,
Its figures, saints, with whom he feverous
makes
His daily journey round a dollar's rim.
Of glorious visions never he partakes,
And strange to him the countless host of Art
That yearn to make a palace of his heart.

THE HOMICIDE

True, true he's dead; so surely dead the sound
Of crashing worlds could not one pulse awake;
The waves of happy life no more will break
Upon the breast where gapes my dagger's
wound.

He drove me to it: had he not been bound
To scorn of me who lived but for her sake,
And had her beauty not have been the stake,
My steel his heart's recesses had not found.

How long she'll wait for his embrace, how long!
I cannot brave her with these hands of blood,
Nor frame my lips the needed lie to tell. . . .

O fatuous, irremediable wrong,
That courses through me as a fiery flood,
Bearing the seeds which blossom but in hell!

THE THIEF

You ask, your Honor, what he has to say
Why he should not receive your last decree,
And he is silent; for it cannot be
But that the verdict's right in law's strict way;
But think of his environment, we pray;
Think of the fruit of his ancestral tree
In crimes as foul as eye might dare to see,
Which those before him fed on day by day.
O wretched youth, such knowledge bids us feel
'Twas in your very bones that you should steal,
And murder even for sufficient cause.
O God of all the thunders, why impose
On helpless man immitigable laws
That brim his being with tremendous woes?

THE PESSIMIST

What are these struggling, bestial-minded men
But ravening beasts, that hunger-tortured prey
Upon each other, blackening all the day
With deeds that spring from Hell's malicious
ken.

We stumble on from fen to noisome fen;
Death, myriad-sworded, hews his slaughterous
way
Through Nature's hosts, while no consoling ray
Illumes one cell in earth's vast, darksome den.
Some unimaginable demon must,
In very wantonness of boundless lust,
Have filled Life's every urn with blood and
tears.

Oh, strange it is, that humankind still bear
The agonizing fruitage of the years,
With comrades none save misery and despair.

THE OPTIMIST

O Life, of thee I never have a fear:
No matter where thou tak'st me I am thine,
For in my soul I feel some power divine
Bear me along from year to mellowing year.
In every storm the nymphs of Peace appear;
Round every grief the arms of Mercy twine;
Sweet Service holds aloft her blazoned sign,
And smiling Hope is shrined in every tear.
Then take me Life, and let my eager soul
Submit with gladdening joy to thy control,
Until Achievement lifts its radiant head;
And though it be not as the heavens high,
Who dares to doubt that with the good 'tis
fed,
And lustrous shines in the eternal eye.

**SONNETS SUGGESTED BY PICTURES
PAINTED BY WILLIAM KEITH**

THE JOY OF EARTH

Who doubts the earth speaks audibly unto
The heart of everyone that lists to hear,
Setting its beats to music? If to thee not clear
Her ceaseless note that rings beneath the blue;
Or hast thou never been impelled to woo
Her beauty-glowing forms, nor sought her ways,
I pray thee on this breathing picture gaze,
That Art may give thee all thy soul's best due:
For here Earth seems with radiant joy to say,
Behold the children born in love to me—
These lush, deep grasses where the blossoms
play,
This murmuring stream, this wide-embracing
tree,
Where birds may live their little, tuneful day,
And golden harvests that are yet to be.

THE TWILIGHT TIME

The Sun that raged victorious through the day,
Like conquering monarch scornful of defeat,
Behind the hills in unrestrained retreat
With pauseless haste now speeds upon his way.
He conquers still: these clouds proclaim his sway,
That lace refulgently the lucent blue,
And this lone-wandering moon with crescent
new
Begins to glow with his reflected ray.
The grasses tanned by summer's breath, the trees,
The distant crag a battlement that seems,
Lie in the arms of silence and of rest.
The feverous day is done; night's galaxies
Hold yet aloof; in this mid-time what dreams
In tranquil mystery pulse through all the breast.

THE MEADOW

To-day the soaring mount is not for me,
 Though it should marshal all its loveliest mass,
 Or though across my tempted vision pass
 Its utmost witchery of rock and tree;
For this lush meadow holds my heart in fee,
 Where clouds lie sleeping in its pool's clear
 glass,
 And where in comradeship with flower and
 grass
 No other friend than Revery shall be.
The Mountain trumpets with imperious voice,
 And great Ambition sits enthronèd there
 With spoils that blaze in fever-laden air;
But thou, sweet Meadow, bidst the soul rejoice
 In love of lowly and familiar things,
 And lead'st the way to Peace's crystal springs.

THE MYSTIC POOL

The flaunting banners of imperious Day
Have all been folded out of sense and sight,
Where, in this ancient wood, star-nurtured Night
With silence-wreathèd sceptre holds her sway.
The Moon new risen throws such tender ray
Across this mystic pool, in Fancy's flight
We see Selene clasp, with fresh delight,
Endymion to her breast till morning's gray.
Within this wood there must be many a sprite
The Poet loves, and many a blithesome fay
To lead imagination to his heart;—
Oh, grant he finds them in the world's despite,
That with their magic-working help he may
Uprear some deathless pyramid of Art.

THE RIVER

Since from my deep-embosomed spring I flowed
I have come far—still singing all the way
In face of night as in the face of day,
And feeling nought but joysomeness for goad.
Upon my breast the kindly stars have sowed
Their golden seed; I catch the sun's warm ray;
I list the leaves' and birds' delightful lay,
While myriad creatures make me their abode.
And yonder cloud that flecks the sunset sky
In unimaginable glory I,
Lured by the day's great lord, gave to the air;
While onward to the ocean's welcoming shore,
Enriched by gifts I pauseless wend, and there
My bounty's wealth immeasurably pour.

A VISION

Sweet Morn trips lightsomely along the sky,
Awakening earth and all the things of air,
Whose trees, joy-hearted, murmurous greetings
bear
To the far lake and bloom-gemmed grasses
nigh.

Some pigeons, snowy-white, encircling fly
Above two maidens,—loveliest creatures there,—
Who send their dreams on voyage calm and
fair,
To Love's own harbors that resplendent lie.
O blessèd Morn!—Thy wealth no garish day
In heartless mock can ever take away,
Nor these fond doves to ravening ravens turn.
O fortunate maidens!—Alien to all tears,
Your beauty shall not fade, but brighter burn,
To consecrate your Vision to the years.

EVENSONG

Day's glare and noise are done for you and me;
Its dying glories tremble in the west;
The stars are near, and Evening's tranquil rest
With balmy softness fills the wood and lea.
Deep-shaded lies the pool's untroubled breast
Near where the shepherdess, full fair to see,
Walks with her sheep as gently sighing she
Builds fairy dreams of him beloved the best.
And as the twilight slowly draws anear,
What all-pervading tones we seem to hear
Bearing the moments of the dying day;
For Nature's harmonies are mounting high
In vesper hymn against the fading sky,
To blend with spirit voices far away.

PRAYER

Each thing seems here subdued to silent prayer;
The clouds hang moveless in the sombre sky,
The brook scarce whispers as it ripples by,
And stilled are all the pulses of the air.
The stately trees a fading splendor wear,
As now the westering sun's last gleamings die
Around a man, who views with saintly eye
The vast distresses that his fellows bear.
What countless problems on this Prophet weigh,
As mid the myriad mysteries of it all
Within this temple he is fain to pray!
Here babbling laughter flees beyond recall,
While Grief, sore stricken with the pangs of
years,
Seems bending low above a bowl of tears.

LACHRYMA MONTIS

Why shouldst thou weep, dear mount, so fair all
lies,

From spring's first blush to winter's last sad
days,

Thy blooms so beauteous that they seem to
raise,

As if in prayer, their petals to the skies?

And yet this Lake, in amethystine guise

Of calm, untroubled beauty, men emblaze

As thine own tear, delighting thus to praise

Its loveliness in sweet, poetic wise.

From off the ocean, with its neighboring roar,

The legions of the fog resistless pour,

And conquering settle on thy flanks and head;

But this is joy and recompense divine,

For with this compensation thou art fed,

That ocean's tears are mingled then with thine.

SOME LEAVES OF BAY

TO BURNS

Thou wast of truest flesh and blood:
Thy veins ran hot with passion's flood;
Thou knewest the stars—and miry mud—
 But all sincerely;
And so the world, as well it should,
 Loves thee most dearly.

All nature's kin was kin of thine;
The earth for thee was all divine;
Nor did'st thou need from Heaven a sign
 To love thy brothers,
Nor wouldst thou measure with thy line
 The faults of others.

'Tis true thy satire's lash did smite
The tender spot of many a wight;
But though thy blow was never light,
 It meant no evil;
Indeed, thou didst not do despite
 E'en to the Devil.

And yet thy bosom nursed a hate
For bigotry that would not bate;
For aught that bound thy fellow's fate
 To tyrant burdens,

[65]

Or barred him from his just estate
Of worthy guerdons.

The lowliest ones that breathe the air
Could catch thy thought and feel thy care,
And nestling in thy heart find there
Unselfish giver,
Till winged with song their flight shall bear
Still on forever.

Thy artless strain, how rich and strong!
How full of all the joys of song!
How round the heart its children throng
To leave us never!
How scornful of the meanly wrong,
Yet loving ever!

Why should we note thy fitful years,
Remorseful pangs, repentant tears,
Or sigh that Fate had used her shears
Untimely on thee?
'Tis nought, when blessèd Love appears
Fore'er to crown thee.

SCOTT

Read at celebration of the one hundred and thirty-seventh anniversary of his birth, held by the United Scottish Societies of San Francisco, August 14, 1908.

O Mother Earth, how good thou art,
Thou and the Powers that rule in thee;
How wide embracing thy vast heart,
How deep thy deep divinity.

The countless blooms the sun adores,
And all the myriad trees are thine,
With streams that woo the seas, and ores
That sleep with gems in rock and mine,

The soaring peaks enwrapped in snows,
And mothered by the bending skies,
With peaceful vales whose soft repose
Folds into rest the world's harsh cries.

And good thou wast to set apart
The land on every lip to-night,
That thrills our every heart of heart,
And glows magnificently bright—

The land of science, art and song,
Of passion for the nobly right,

Of men and women brave and strong,
Of sons embathed in fadeless light—

The sons that lead material things
Through blossomy ways to moral ends,
And on imagination's wings
With farthest stars become as friends.

And one of these the world has praised
Beyond all wealth of honor's lot,
Till Fame with fondest hand has blazed
His name—the name of Walter Scott.

What infinite things were his to see
With unfatigued, far-ranging eye;
What world-enchanting gift had he
To dress with life what passed him by!

The very ground beneath his feet
Seemed pulsing with unwonted breath,
While every bush he chanced to meet
Held fairy tribes unknown to death.

The mountain spake to him, the moor,
The brae, and burn that leaped along,
Nor could there be a thing so poor
That might not hope to swell his song.

Life, life he felt in every vein,
And life he saw in every scene,
Abundant, throbbing, though his strain
Be weighted oft with note of teen.

The minstrelsy of other days
Sang to his heart with living voice,
And many a tale of olden ways
He framed to make the world rejoice.

Imagination led him o'er
The fairest fields of gay Romance,
Where ladies and their knights outpour
Their hearts mid flash of sword and lance;

And where beneath the conjurer's sway
The silent dust of long-tombed men
Stirs with fresh life to newer day,
And proudly lives on earth again.

Battle's dread trump he fiercely fills
To blare it to the trembling sky,
And who so dull but that he thrills
At Marmion's last expiring cry;

Or who so dyed in peace's hue
That cannot feel his blood run fire,

[69]

When Saxon James and Roderick Dhu
Tug to the death with hate's desire;

Or when the proud Mac-Ivor, borne
Toward all the torturing tools of death,
Stood grandly mid his hopes upturn,
And gave King James his latest breath.

Yet love and tenderness he bound
About the heart of women fair,
And Jeanie Deans, by him encrowned,
Can Time and all his minions dare.

So Constance, in the hall of doom
Through passionate love's untoward ill,
Shall fill with light her living tomb,
And in her radiance queen it still.

But oh, how idle to recount
The stars that blaze in Scott's great sky,
E'en though my Muse could breathless mount,
And on unwearying pinions fly.

Not his to build great towers of gloom
Till Life, with all its wonder, palls,
Or bid psychology have room
In Fiction's vast, palatial halls;

[70]

Or set some writhing problem there
To bestialize the ways of art,
Or on a poisoned pen's point bear
The dregs and offal of the heart;

But he content to purely tell
The stories coursing through his brain,
Where living men and women dwell
Each age on age to entertain.

The Muses blest him at his birth,
And with melodious accent said,
Before thy shrine the sons of earth
Shall stand with bowed, uncovered head.

How toiled and moiled this noble soul,
This gentleman of high degree,
Without apparent aim or goal,
Yet bound for immortality.

Sharp sorrows pierced him when the years
Should have been kind with peace and rest,
But not for him complaint or tears
As on he went with dauntless breast—

On and still on through seas of debt
That rolled in mountains by his side,

[71]

And which, though age and grief were met,
Could not abate his matchless pride.

The Muse may point to kinglier names
Emblazoned on her golden roll,
But well she knows that on it flames
No manlier man, no greater soul.

The heather-bell may bloom no more,
The Tweed itself run bare and dry,
But Fame proclaims it o'er and o'er
That Walter Scott shall never die.

ON POPE'S TRANSLATION OF HOMER

Pope could not translate Homer, so you say;
But tell me who of all the rest could, pray,
Or who will ever bend that mighty bow.
Yet lines of his roll on in thunderous roar,
And his winged words the empyréan soar,
In scorn of others crawling far below.

TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Landor, thou art, in truth, the one unique:
A Briton, yet a Roman and a Greek,
And still no less Italian; in all time
Breathing ambrosial airs of every clime;
Who all the spoils of all the ages stored,
And drew such honey from thy heaping hoard,
That all the Muses crown thee with their
 bays
Fadeless throughout thy fame-besplendored days.

A lettered Titan, thou, so greatly great,
Thou sittest throned in high, imperial state,
Like some immortal God that keeps his place
In lonely grandeur of unconquered space,
With none so venturesome as dare dispute
His rule as being less than absolute,
And who, impregnably contented, knows
That on the centuries he shall repose.

TO WALT WHITMAN

Thou roughest-hewn of all the poet kind!—

Not thine to tinkle rhyme's melodious bell,

Nor set to music of harmonious swell

The thoughts which surged within thy
shoreless mind.

Not these could Art to lightest durance bind,

Nor sensuous Beauty with her deepest spell

Entice them in her fair demesne to dwell;

But formless, ruleless they as unconfined.

Yet, giant soul, thy loud-resounding lyre,

Whose tones the wondering world still

leans to hear,

Thrills every spirit that would dare to be

Inflamed with that unique, that quenchless fire,

Which made thee what thou wast—the

grandest seer

And noblest poet of Democracy.

POE

He walked beneath the raven's wing
A wayward child in lightless gloom,
And there his trancing songs did sing
And weave his haunting tales of doom.

He drank from Beauty's honey-cup,
Pressed to his eager lips by Art,
Until her nectar swallowed up
The very substance of his heart.

Upon these lines his structures grew,
In form most cunningly designed,
While demons whom he nurtured slew
The peace and sweetness of his mind.

With hopeless sighs and bitter tears
He filled his dark, remorseful hours,
Yet reared the while, for all the years,
His beauty-crowned, enchanted towers.

TO WHITTIER

I

Some verse there is death cannot touch although
It may not nest upon the loftiest height,
To spread its pinions in untiring flight
Where constellations in resplendence glow;
Nor yet by Fancy fondly fellowed know
Her fairy realms of exquisite delight;
Nor with Imagination's stopless might
Range the vast regions of our bliss and woe;—
For it hath cradled in the human breast
The lowly things wherefrom we would not part;
And hath in loving, saving strength possessed
The power to move the universal heart,
And so will be by all the muses blest
As long as joys shall sing, or tears shall start.

TO WHITTIER

II

Such verse, O Whittier, thy muse employs:

For thou dost sing in unaffected lay
Of maidens fair, of childhood's radiant day,
Of natural things unmixed with base alloys;
Dost mint the gold which lies in homely joys,
And gently mov'st in such consummate way
The human heartstrings to harmonious play,
That restful music drowns the world's mad
noise.

New England lives in thy delightful line:

There do her household hearths our love
constrain;
There do her tales with newer beauty shine,
Her fields, her woods, her skies, her stormy main;
While over all the Power we feel divine
Upholds eternal, universal reign.

**TO A SOILED AND BROKEN VOLUME :
OF BAYARD TAYLOR'S POEMS**

Come, wandering one, to my embrace;
With gentlest touch I shall erase
All soilure from thy pretty face,
Shall tear away the faded dress
That mars thy pristine loveliness,
And bid the binder clothe anew
Thy beauteous form, and there bestrew,
With hand by loving taste controlled,
His daintiest flowers of gleaming gold.
Then shall I gladly house thee where
The best of all thy kinsmen fare,
And where thine author e'en would say
Thou hadst at last not gone astray.
There shalt thou have such tender care
The bitter past will be forgot;
And oft to thee shall I repair,
To thrill beneath thy glowing thought;
To follow thee at leisure times
For art-grown pearls in distant climes;
To have the sluggish feelings stirred
By many a music-singing word,
And mount with thee on lyric wings

Above the touch of sordid things.
Ah, then how happy shall I be
At thought of having rescued thee!

ON THE DEATH OF MARK TWAIN

His waves of laughter rolled around the world,
And ever shall though he be dead;
In vain the conqueror Death has madly
hurled
His spear against that noble head,
For drowned in mirth immortal, he,
Despairing, yields the victory.

TO LLOYD MIFFLIN ON RECEIVING
FROM HIM A COPY OF HIS
"FLOWER AND THORN"

Thou art the child of that belovèd Keats,
Whose name in water writ flows not away,
But fixed in Fame's own brass shall still
outstay
Even the mightiest in their mighty seats.
The humblest thing thy brooding vision meets
Puts on through thee empurpled, rich array,
And every season, day by halcyon day,
Thine open soul with newer wonder greets.
Together we have walked this many a year,
Thy strains Parnassian beating on mine ear,
Till crystal fountains gushed within my heart.
Who doubts the Muse triumphant scorns all fear,
As now her children with consummate art
Her stately palaces divinely rear.

GEORGE STERLING

The multitudinous, vast orbs which keep
 Their pride of grandeur in the night-bound sky,
 Within his ample breast like children lie
 Mid wingèd words that all their spaces sweep;
And there weird fancy piles, in heap on heap,
 Amazing jewels, till the startled eye
 Faints at the sight; and there sweet blossoms
 cry
 With ecstasy for him their souls to reap.
O Poet by Balboa's sapphire sea,
 What thunderous waves of thought must roll
 to thee,
 To break in music on thy heart's wide shore!
What many-chambered caves of silence where
 Imagination spreads her golden lore,
 To tell of heights which souls like thine may
 dare!

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Who could forget, once having fitly heard,
The tender cadence of his voice of gold,
Or, having read him, could be uncontrolled
By the sweet music of his lyric word?
Life's clamorous voices, mammon-hearted, stirred
No pulse in him—his heart the happy fold
Of gentle things which, shaped in fancy's
mould,
Poured out their joys as blithely as a bird.
His body rests where he would have it rest:
Where blooms and grasses whisper o'er his
breast
Far from the noise and tumult of the town;
And who can doubt the Muse oft ponders there,
To keep afresh the jewels of his crown
Till Fame shall take them in eternal care.

**PROFESSOR JOSEPH LE CONTE AT
YOSEMITE, JULY 4-6, 1901**

**"If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy."**

Othello, Act 2, Scene 1.

**His hoary head, lustrous with all that's best
Of human kind, by fame immortal made,
In death's last agony he fitly laid
Upon Yosemite's titanic breast.
For years their mutual love had been confessed,
And when once more her glories he surveyed,
His raptured heart such ecstasies betrayed,
Fate dared not tempt him further to be blest.
Her beauteous leaves of cedar, oak and pine,
She lavish gave for garlands to entwine
His coffin fashioned from her teeming store;
And 'neath the reverent gaze of her great walls,
While throbbed in muffled tones her saddened
falls,
His clay, star-lighted, left her evermore.**

ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD SEVENTH

All England's far-spread empire weeps to-day
O'er that imperial head death would not
spare,
And we Americans are proud to share
Our tears with them and let our words have
way.

In his capacious breast Life joyed to play
With infinite desire, while tactful care
His steersman was, with regal sense to bear
Him safely through the seas of Yea and Nay.
To his dear land he fetched the Golden Fleece
Of reconciliation, bidding hates to cease
Whose dangerous fires for years had
smouldered on.

O England, in thy stress, when every hour
Demands the utmost reach of all thy power,
How much thou'lt miss his wisdom now he's
gone!

HARRO

HARRO

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN COAST,
FEBRUARY, 1895.

The waves leapt fierce and high
Beneath cloud-blackened sky,
And raging winds tore by

 The ship that staggered on,
While blinding sleet fell there,
From out the freezing air,
Upon her bosom where

 Hope seemed forever gone.

And now the seas dash o'er
Her deck's defenseless floor,
And more and ever more

 She gasps and pants for breath;
While, worn with weary strain,
Her desperate men attain
Her rigging, there to gain

 What seems but slower death.

But hope now thrills their breast,
For o'er the billows' crest
The life-boat speeds, attest

 Of selfless souls that dare;
And every man finds place
Within her crowded space

Save one, whose helpless case
Seems all beyond their care.

Then Harro ran to meet
The boat with flying feet,
And cried, with joy complete,
 "All? All? Ye have saved all?"—
"All, Captain, all but one,
And he so high had run
Upon the mast, that none
 Was equal to the call."

At this he smote his head,
And with sad sternness said,
 "'Tis woe that those I've led
 Should fail in duty's hest! . . .
Now let but four agree
To try yon wreck with me,
And that lone wretch shall be
 With life divinely blest."

"Comrade, in vain thy plea,
Too heavy runs the sea."
"Then I alone," said he,
 "Will venture on the deed."
"Not so," upstarted four,
"If thou but lead, once more

We'll through these billows bore,
Despite all coward rede."

"Harro, my only boy,
Do not all hope and joy
Within my breast destroy,"
His tearful mother cried;
"The sea runs higher still,
And great as is thy skill,
And stout thy strength and will,
It cannot be defied.

"Our duty's charge by none
More nobly has been done;
And as for that poor one
So lonely left, he's gone;
'Tis sure we cannot know
That he still lives, and so
The truest might forego
What thy fond wish is on.

"Thou'rt all that's left to me:
Thy brother Uwe, he
Went from me, and the sea
Most like has been his grave;
And thy dear sire doth sleep
Entombed within the deep,

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Where hope had bade him reap
The glory of the brave.

"I cannot let thee go;
The ocean is our foe,
And these mad breakers throw
Fresh terrors on the strand."
"But what of him out there,
Abandoned to despair?
Has he no mother's care?"
Asked Harro oar in hand.

Again she pleading cried:
"Give o'er thy spirit's pride,
Come to my lonely side,
Nor perish in the storm."
In vain;—the four and he,
With sturdy arm and free,
Sent through the seething sea
The life-boat's glorious form.

They conquered wave and blast,
And safely clutched at last
The mast where still clung fast
The wretch about to die;
When Harro then straightway
Clomb, without pause or stay,

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To where that lone one lay
All stark against the sky.

With more than tender care
His burden he did bear
Unto his comrades there,
Who clove the air with cheers;
But when they saw the face
Upturned to his embrace,
Another joy did lace
Their cheeks with silent tears.

Homeward, with heartening song,
They drove the boat along,
Mid joys which there did throng
Round perils greatly braved;
And when they neared the shore,
'Twas Harro shouted o'er:
"Good mother, grieve no more,
'Tis Uwe we have saved."

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH

HYMN TO THE SUN

(FROM THE CHANTICLEER OF EDMOND ROSTAND)
CHANTICLEER SPEAKS:

Thee, who to dry the tears of every blade dost
please,

Who butterflies createst out of lifeless flowers,
When shed their blooms Roussillon's shaken
almond trees

In breezes of the Pyrénées,
E'en as the destinies of ours,

Thee I adore, O Sun!—thee whose supernal fire,
To consecrate each brow, each nectar to imbue,
Enters the hut and blossom with divine desire,
All disparate and yet entire,
Even as mother-love can do.

To thee I sing!—To crown me as thy priest, oh,
deign,
Thou who the washtub lightest with its suds of
blue,
And who on disappearing oft art fondly fain
Against the humble window pane
To dart thy lances' last adieu.

The rectory's sunflower turns in eagerness to thee,
Thou burnishest my brother on the steeple high,

And when among the lindens steals thy mystery,
Such flickering, radiant discs we see,
To walk thereon we dare not try.

The varnished jug becomes enameled at thy call,
The flapping dishcloth seems a flag of glory's
brood,

The haycock, thanks to thee, wears gold that
crowns it all,

And so the hive — its sister small —
Flaunts golden splendor on its hood.

Let meadows give thee hail, and hail each fruited
vine!

Blest be thou mid the grass, and at the friendly
door!

Touch the swan's wing and in the lizard's keen eye
shine!

O thou who drawest each splendid line,
And every detail lingerest o'er!

Thy twin and sombre sister thou dost silhouette,
Who lengthening lies at foot of that where falls
thy light,

And then the loveliness is in us doubly set,
A shadow oft more charming yet
Than its own object beauty-dight.

Thee I adore, O Sun! — Thou giv'st the rose her
pride,
The bush its living God, the spring its ardent glow;
The woodland's lowliest tree thou makest deified! —
O Sun, without whom things would bide
No more than what we only know!

THE ORCHARD

(AFTER EDMOND ROSTAND)

The poem, of which the following is a translation, was written by Edmond Rostand and read at a performance given in Paris in aid of the Actors' Home, situated at Couilly, near that city.

What orchard's this wherein the Cid recites his
 strain
With tremulous voice beneath the sun's warm,
 genial light?
Where not so eager now of folly to complain,—
Since whitening fast he sees the locks of
 Célimène,—
With leaves of living green Alceste his coat
 makes bright?
What orchard's this wherein the Cid recites his
 strain?

Its distances in golden glory melt away;
Smooth-faced as some old Marquis, all the strollers
 there.
What Park is this wherein thy soul of frolic play
—Thy great soul seeming but the trivial to
 essay! . . . —

Breathes deep the lovely landscape's fresh,
delicious air . . .
Beneath a sky whose golden glory melts away?

Old dames who seem to owe to Art their agéd air
Pluck blooms where insects flash their emerald-
tinted dyes.

No more the reeking den! No more gloom's dull
despair!

And everywhere the Garden looking to the skies!
While underneath the boughs in pensive meekness
fare

Old dames who seem to owe to Art their agèd air.

A time-worn shawl is draped as with a princess'
hand;

Hernani buttons on a box-coat out of date;
The names which light their past incessant they
command

A Frédérick one has heard, and one, Rachel the
great.

And then the trees become an audience ranged
in state,

Where time-worn shawl is draped as with a
princess' hand.

Here sadness flits away like curtain upward rolled,

Nor in the least are lost the dreams which
follow you.
You that to us bore cups of dream in days of old,
And, charmers of our evenings, now that yours
are told,
Why should we not your footlights place
beneath the blue?
Here sadness flits away like curtain upward rolled.

What wide-spread orchard's this all filled with
revery's haze
And with comedians gay, like park by Watteau
made?
Where wandering Mascarille, without his mask
and blade,
Dons now his theatre-cloak as fancy's vision plays,
When soft the pine-trees fleck his mantle with
their shade?....
What beauteous orchard's this all filled with
revery's haze?

What beauteous orchard's this a Molière makes
his own,
All pensive as he feels the soil's deep love control
The ivy's arms around his marble to be thrown,
And smiling as he sees Elmire and Dona Sol

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Within the arbor chat in kind, familiar tone?
What beauteous orchard's this a Molière makes
his own?

The moving vines festooned upon
This arbor have no fictive guise;
The pâté's not from pasteboard drawn
Which down the throat of Gringoire hies!
Misfortune's child no longer sighs;
Léander now is Castellan;
Stirs Buridan while Scapin lies—
The orchard this of Coquelin.

The villain now on sheep would fawn;
The lover every calyx tries,
His piping voice forever gone
Yet on the side-scenes keeps his eyes!
In lakelet, which with mirror vies,
The Star delights to fondly scan
The twilight heaven's reflected dyes—
The orchard this of Coquelin.

Don César now has jacket on;
While Harpagon his vice defies,

And redemands his miroton;*
Sweet Agnes dreams, somewhat more wise;
Of crawfish Perdican makes prize;
When tinkle, tinkle, rings Argan,
To do his will each swiftly flies—
The orchard this of Coquelin.

ENVOY

Prince, princesses, we here devise
Some eves of golden-tissued plan,
And real the sun that walks our skies!
The orchard this of Coquelin.

* Miroton is a dish of minced beef and onions.

WHAT IS HEARD ON THE MOUNTAIN

(AFTER VICTOR HUGO)

Has it so been that you in tranquil, silent wise,
Have pushed to mountain's top in presence of
the skies?

Was this on Southern banks? on shores of
Brittany?

And at the mountain's foot did you the ocean see?
And leaning o'er the surge, and o'er immensity,
In silent wise and tranquil, have you bent your
ear?

'Tis this befalls: at least, one day at dream's
command

My thought in eager flight had swooped above
a strand,

And, to the briny depths plunging from summit
sheer,

On one hand saw the sea, on the other saw the
land;

And listening there I heard a voice whose like
or peer

Ne'er came from human mouth nor fell upon an
ear.

At first its sound was full, confused, all
unconfined,

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More vague than in the tufted trees the sighing
wind;

With piercing concords filled, with murmurs
suavely low;

Sweet as an evening song, as harsh as armors'
shock

When fight's red furies round the maddened
squadrons flock,

And in the clarion's mouths with battle's fierceness
blow.

'Twas music past all thought, with tones divinely
deep,

Which, fluid, round the world unceasingly did
sweep,

And in the boundless heavens, its waves fore'er
renewed,

Rolled, in its orbit's greatening, endless vastitude,
To lowest depths profound, until its flow sublime
Was lost in dark with Number, Form, and Space,
and Time!

As with another air, dispersed, outreaching wide,
The globe's whole body felt the hymn's eternal
tide;

And as the world is wafted in its airy sea,
So now 'twas wafted in this mighty symphony.

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Then the ethereal harps swept o'er my pensive
soul,
Lost in their voice as in great ocean's surging roll.
And quickly I discerned, clouded and dissonant,
Two voices in this voice each with the other blent,
O'erflowing all the earth unto the firmament,
That hymned together there the universal chant;
And in their roar profound mine ear caught every
stave,
As one two currents sees which cross beneath the
wave.

One came the waters o'er: blest hymn! a
glory-song!
It was the voice of waves that spake in happy
throng;
The other from the land which rose where now we
are
Was sad; it was men's murmur rising near and
far;
And in this diapason, sounding night and day,
Each billow had its voice, each man his separate
lay.

But, as I've said, the Ocean, vast, magnificent,
A mild and joyous voice through endless spaces
sent;

Like harp in Zion's fanes it burst in swelling note,
And with creation's praise song filled his raptured
throat.

His music, borne by zephyrs as by gales that fly,
Incessantly toward God in triumph mounted high,
And when each throbbing wave, that God alone
can quell,

Had quired in joy another rose in sounding swell.
Like that majestic lion whom Daniel made his
guest,

At times the Ocean's voice sank low within his
breast,

And then I deemed I saw toward the glowing
West

Beneath its mane of gold the hand of God
confessed.

Yet, nathless, by the side of this so great fanfare
The other voice,—like cry of steed in maddening
scare,

Like rusted hinge of gate that guards Hell's
quenchless fire,

Like brazen bow drawn o'er the strings of iron
lyre,—

Ground harsh; and insult, tears, anathema, and
cries,

Viaticum, baptism, refused by him who dies,

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Mad curses, blasphemies, and wraths from mouths
that rave,
In human clamor's whirling, all-devouring wave,
Passed by, as in the vale where shuddering
shadows cling
Do Night's ill-omened birds with dusky, hideous
wing.
What was that sound which made a thousand
echoes rise?
Alas! it was the earth and man all torn with cries.

Brothers, of these two voices, strange as ever sped,
That cease not though reborn, and cease not being
fled,
That with unending stroke the ear eternal shake,
HUMANITY in one, in the other, NATURE
spake.

Thought brooded o'er me, for my faithful spirit
then
Alas! had never yet attained to such high ken,
Nor had such lustrous light illumed my darksome
day;
And I considered long, turning at times away
From that obscure abyss the billows hid from me
To the other gulf that filled my own immensity.
And then I asked myself, why is it we are here,

What is this life and what its agony and tear,
And what the soul, and why should any being be?
Why should the Lord, who reads alone his book,
decree
Eternally to blend in hymen's fatal tie
The song of nature with the human race's cry?

THE TOMB AND THE ROSE

(AFTER VICTOR HUGO)

The Tomb said to the Rose: "Love's own,
What mak'st thou of the tears bestrown
By lovely, dewy dawn o'er thee?"
The Rose said to the Tomb: "And pray,
What comes of that which feeds alway
Thy gulf that yawns eternally?"

Then said the Rose: "O sombre Tomb,
I make of them a rare perfume
Where honey with the amber lies."
Then said the Tomb: "O plaintive Flower,
Of every soul that feels my power
I make an angel of the skies!"

THE PELICAN

(AFTER ALFRED DE MUSSET)

When the tired pelican returns from his long
quest
Unto his lonely reeds where evening mists hang
low,
His famished little ones all shoreward wildly go
On seeing him alight upon the billow's crest.
And then believing spoil is theirs to seize and
share,
With joyous cries they to their father quickly fare,
As o'er their hideous goitres shake their ravening
beaks.
With dragging step and slow he gains a towering
rock,
Where shielding with his pendent wings his
starving flock
He, melancholy fisher, all the sky bespeaks.
From out his open breast the blood makes copious
way,
For vainly sought he ocean's depths on eager
wings;
They empty were, and even the strand was
stripped of prey;
And now for nourishment his heart alone he
brings.

Stretched silently and sombre on the lonely stone,
The father shares his deepest with the sons his
own;

And in this love sublime he rocks his dolor till,
As he views flowing fast the crimson of his breast
And sinks and staggers by this feast of death
possessed,

Joy, tenderness and horror all his senses thrill.
Mid this supreme surrender at each moment he
Is sickened with the thought of long-drawn agony,
For now he sees his children will but give him
death.

Then rising up he opes his wings to ocean's
breath,

And striking hard his heart with madly savage cry,
Along the night his woeful farewell notes so roll
That all the sea-birds from the shore in terror fly,
And there the one belated, feeling death is nigh,
With dread's appalling fears commends to God his
soul.

THE POET

(AFTER ALFRED DE MUSSET)

O Muse! thou most insatiate sprite,
Do not demand so much of me.
Man nothing on the sand doth write
When blows the north-wind bitterly.
Time was my youthful lips were stirred
And ever ready as a bird
With ceaseless song the hours to speed;
But I have borne such pangs of fire,
That were the least that I desire
Essayed by me upon my lyre,
It then would break it as a reed.

JACQUES

(AFTER BÉRANGER)

Dear Jacques, I must bid thee awake:
A bailiff round the village steals,
With keeper following at his heels.
Poor man, they come the tax to take.

Get up, my Jacques, get up:
Here comes the bailiff of the King.

Look out and see: the night is gone;
Never before hast slept so well;
Thou know'st to old Remi to sell
One must bestir before the dawn.

Get up, my Jacques, get up:
Here comes the bailiff of the King.

We've not a sou! O God of fate!
I hear him; how the dogs do bay;
He will demand a whole month's pay.
Ah, if the King could only wait!

Get up, my Jacques, get up:
Here comes the bailiff of the King.

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Oh, how the poor are stripped and flayed!
So crushed are we, our home enjoys,
For us, thy father and six boys,
Nought but my distaff and thy spade.

Get up, my Jacques, get up:
Here comes the bailiff of the King.

They count that with our wretched hut
An acre's fourth is far too much;
Yet that all hopeless miseries touch,
While this by usury's scythe is cut.

Get up, my Jacques, get up:
Here comes the bailiff of the King.

So much of pain, of gains so few;—
When shall we taste pork flesh again?
High priced is strengthening food, and then,
High priced the salt and sugar, too.

Get up, my Jacques, get up:
Here comes the bailiff of the King.

A little wine would courage bring;
But hard the laws for such as we;
My dearest, for some drink for thee
Go sell at once my wedding ring.

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Get up, my Jacques, get up:
Here comes the bailiff of the King.

Couldst dream that thy good angel would
To thee bring plenty and repose?
Can rich ones feel taxation's woes?
Their barns to all the rats give food.

Get up, my Jacques, get up:
Here comes the bailiff of the King.

He enters! Heavens! O woe of woes;
Thou speak'st no word! Thou art so pale!
On yesterday I heard thee wail,
From whom before no murmur rose.

Get up, my Jacques, get up:
Here's the good bailiff of the King.

Her cries are vain: there is no life.—
For him who wears toil's thorny crown
Death is a pillow soft as down.
Good people, pray ye for his wife.

Get up, my Jacques, get up:
Here's the good bailiff of the King.

FIFTY YEARS

(AFTER BÉRANGER)

What mean these flowers? Is it my fête?
No; this bouquet now comes to say,
That half a century on my head
Is rounded and complete to-day.
How many days fleet fast along!
How many moments fruitless pass!
How many wrinkles tell their tale!
I'm fifty years. Alas! Alas!

At such an age we nothing hold;
The fruit dies on the sallowing tree—
But some one knocks;—yet open not:
My part is ended, that I see.
I'll wage some doctor thrusts his card,
Or 'tis the Times; ah, day there was,
I would have said: That is Lisette.
I'm fifty years. Alas! Alas!

Old age is cursed with biting ills:
The gout is murder's willing tool;
Blindness for us welds prison chains;
While at our deafness mocks the fool.
Then reason, like a feeble lamp,

Burns faint and flickering ere it pass.
O children, honor hoary age.
I'm fifty years. Alas! Alas!

Heavens! Here's Death;—rubbing his hands
With joyous glee, he comes apace.
'Tis gravedigger that's at my door;
Farewell, good sirs of every race!
Below, are famine, pest and war;
Above, the stars' resplendent mass.
Open, while God remains to me.
I'm fifty years. Alas! Alas!

But no;—'tis you! my welcome friend,
Sister of Charity of loves!
You draw my sleeping soul from out
The horrid thoughts wherein it moves;
Strewing the roses of your youth,
As does the Spring, where'er you pass,
And sweetening all an old man's dreams.
I'm fifty years. Alas! Alas!

ADIEU

(AFTER BÉRANGER)

Dear France, all things announce that now I
die.

Mother adored, farewell. Thy name, blest so,
Shall be the last my lips will ever sigh.
Has any Frenchman loved thee more? Ah, no!
I sang of thee ere I had learned to read;
And when Death falls on me with weapon fell
I'll sing of thee till my last breath be freed.
For so much love give me one tear. Farewell.

When those ten Kings, in impious triumph bound,
With war's dread cars o'er thy torn body pressed,
Their bandeaus gave me lint for many a wound
Which my fond hand with healing balsam
dressed.

Heaven bids thy waste with fruitage to be grown;
The ages will have cause of thee to tell;
For thy great thought on all the world is sown,
With man's Equality for sheaf. Farewell.

Half-couched my body in the tomb I see.
Ah, come as help to them who love me true.
'Tis owing, France, to that poor dove who, free

To wing thy field, no spoil of it e'er knew.
That to thy sons my prayer may be made known,
When I already list God's sounding knell,
I have held up my tomb's enclosing stone.
My arm is wearied out; it falls. Farewell.

FAREWELL TO LIFE

AT PARIS, 1778.
(AFTER VOLTAIRE)

Farewell!—the country I go to
Still holds my late dear father yet;
My friends, farewell fore'er to you
Who may for me bear some regret.
Laugh, enemies, for so to do
Will pay the usual requiem debt.
Still, some day you may feel concern:
For when to darksome shores consigned,
Your works you there would seek to find,
On you the laugh will have its turn.

When on the stage of human life
A man can play his part no more,
On leaving, all the air is rife
With hisses to his exit door.
I've seen in their last malady
Full many a one of differing states:
Old bishops, agèd magistrates,

Old courtesans, in agony.
In vain, all ceremoniously,
Together with its little bell
Came sacred gear of sacristy;
Vainly the priest anointed well
Our friend in his extremity;
The public laughed with malice fell;
A moment satire joyed to dwell
On all his life's absurdity;
Then even his name no one could tell—
The farce had reached finality.
And now my utmost bound I own,
What man needs less compassion's tear?
'Tis he alone knows nought of fear,
Who lives and dies to fame unknown.

TO A DEAD POET

(AFTER LECONTE DE LISLE)

Thou whose delighted eye roamed eagerly and free
From hues divine to forms in strength immortal
 grown,
And from the fleshly things to the star-splendored
 zone,
In that dark night which seals thy lids peace be to
 thee.

To see, to hear, to feel? Breath, dust and vanity.
To love? That golden cup has but the bitter
 known.
Thou'rt like some wearied God who leaves his
 altars lone,
To mingled be with matter's vast immensity.

Upon thy mute grave where thy mouldering body
 lies
Whether or no the tears are poured from
 sorrowing eyes,
Whether thy banal age forget thee or acclaim,

I envy thee thy silent, darksome bed below,
Forever freed from life and never more to know
Man's horror of his own existence and the shame.

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SOLAR HERCULES

(AFTER LECONTE DE LISLE)

O pang-born Tamer who as swaddled infant killed
The Night's fell Dragons! O thou Warrior,
 Lion-Heart,
Who pierced the baneful Hydra with thy burning
 dart
Where poisonous mist and mire their livid horrors
 spilled;
And who, with flawless sight, of old saw Centaurs
 start
At many a cliff's sharp edge and wheel with
 rearing breast!
Of all the genial Gods the eldest, fairest, best!
O purifier King, who through thy glorious days,
Made, like so many torches, from the East to
 West,
The sacrificial fire on every summit blaze!
Thy golden quiver's void, the Shade's at last thy
 goal.
Hail glory of the Air! All vainly dost thou tear
With thy convulsive hands, where flames in rivers
 roll,
The bloody clouds which wreath thy pyre divine,
 and there
In the empurpled wind thou yieldest up thy soul.

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THE CONDOR'S SLEEP

(AFTER LECONTE DE LISLE)

Beyond the Cordilleras' stairs that steeply wind,
Beyond the eagle's haunts in mist-enshrouded air,
And higher than the cratered, furrowed summits
where

The boiling flood of lava rages unconfined,
His pendent pinions tinct with spots of crimson
dye,

The great bird silent views, with indolent, dull
stare,

America and space outreaching boundless there,
And that now sombre sun which dies in his cold
eye.

Night rolls from out the East, where savage
pampas lie

Beneath the tier on tier of peaks in endless line;
It Chili lulls, the shores, the cities' roar and cry,
The vast Pacific sea, and horizon all divine.
The silent continent its close embraces hide:
On sands and hills, in gorges, on declivities,
And on the heights, now swell, in widening
vortices,

The heavy flood and flow of its high-rolling tide.
Upon a lofty peak, alone, like spectre grim,

Bathed in a light that dyes with crimson all the
snow,
He waits this direful sea which threatens him as a
foe.
It comes, it breaks in foam, then dashes over him.
As in the unsounded depths the Southern Cross
now looms
Upon the sky's vast shore a pharos-glowing light,
His rattling throat speaks joy, he proudly shakes
his plumes,
His sinewy, bare neck he lifts and stretches tight;
To raise himself he gives the hard snow lashing
stings;
Then with a raucous cry he mounts where no
winds are;
And from the dark globe far, far from the living
star,
In the icy air he sleeps on grand, outspreading
wings.

THE EVENING OF THE BATTLE

(AFTER ALOYS BLONDEL)

Some poplars ranged in solemn row
The landscape's farthest boundary hold,
Where, in the fitful sunset-glow,
The foliated masses gleam with gold
To the horizon's vague, blue zone,
Fast fading in the distant haze.
Below, a smoke uprises lone.
What peaceful calm the plain conveys
Where twilight spreads her darkening pall;
So peaceful, so consenting all.

A bell just rang from out the monastery near;
Nor earth nor soul now lists the plangent clamor
here.

Thou comest, friendly Autumn, sweetly to allure,
Thy hands, like as a sister's, filled with peace
secure;
Thou comest to inter, in thy fête robes complete,
The bodies couched upon the field of their defeat.
Of these young, beauteous ones who strove without
a fear,
No one will come to weep the lonely tombs anear.

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Their number, even their names, will in the future
fade,
Nor will it know the hope that led them to the
shade,
The awful shade of Death which nothing can
abate.
What matters it we vaunt or we deplore their
fate—
These mute ones, overthrown in all their armor's
pride,
Who had a heart-born dream of which they
grandly died.
What matters if their bodies lie beneath no stone,
Seeing that in their dream immortal things were
sown.

Autumn, give them thy crown endued
With saffrons pale where griefs abide,
And with thy foliage purple-hued;
Oh, thou canst spill o'er them the pride
And glory of the riches born
Of thy ensanguined twilights!—They,
Whom now the world here leaves forlorn
Were all so young, so valiant aye.
For them low lying at our feet
How thy hand weaves the winding-sheet.

MURMURINGS IN THE DARKNESS

(AFTER FERNAND GREGH)

This eve a wind divine is stirring in the trees;
Its long-drawn sighing fills the lonely, sombrous
Park;
Nought but the wind one hears, nought but the
gloom one sees,
While shadow-murmurings seem at times to bid us
hark.

'Tis like a rambling stream in eddy vaguely
tossed
Beneath the sky where gleams a lone star's
emerald light;
It draws anear, then fades, till in the distance lost,
And at the window feigns to pass before our sight.

It bathes each thing like water fragrant, crisp and
sweet,
Like airy, magic waves that lightly flow at will,
So that in all the world no leaf or moss could
meet
Its tender touch and not voluptuously thrill.

'Tis languor's all and ardor's, all that joy can own,

With all that dreams, glides, faints, or noiseful
 passes by;
'Tis like the silk's delicious, softly-rustling tone,
Or like the nighttime's tremor, dumb with ecstasy.

In truth, amid the dismal depths profound we
 mark
Its warm, mysterious wine elate the heart and
 brain,
Something of Heaven itself at times we dare to
 feign,
Something all vast, august;—yet vain, and ever
 vain.

It is as though a sigh of God filled all the dark.

THE AXE

(AFTER HENRI DE RÉGNIER)

Listen. Upon the stones the icy wind full drear
Makes slowly, surely sharp—workman no eye can
see—

Its norther's bills and scythes as keen as steel can
be.

Listen. 'Tis Time's dread step that on the road we
hear.

Listen. Afar e'en now the flowers are stripped and
sere;

The neighboring mead's a-cold; and this majestic
tree

At breath so murderous shakes and shudders
fearsomely;

While trickles drop by drop its Dryad's life-blood
dear.

The woodmen, binding bark and fagots, wend their
way,

Alas! thy towering stature and thy strength to
slay;

Thy own shade marks the hour for thee to be laid
low;

And when some autumn eve is proud to see
thee die
Amid thy golden limbs that all dismembered lie,
Then calmly, grandly fall beneath the axe's blow.

ON A STATUE BY CONSTANTIN
MEUNIER OF A MINE'S OLD HORSE

AFTER GÉRARD HARRY)

Before thee neither bronze nor marble bright
Has ever deigned its prestige to declare,
As to the chariot's horse, when called to dare
He leaps, all drunk with space, in sovran flight.

Or who, with victor charging in the fight,
His bloody mane wild streaming in the air,
And fiercely neighing, for his own grand share
Dies in the sun on battle's topmost height.

But thou, with spirit humanly divine,
Hast made thy home the bottom of the mine,
Its worn and wretched heroes to exalt.

Fellow of slaves, thou gaunt, thou faithful soul,
Man offers thee, in place of aureole,
His misery's horror and the tomb's black vault.

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